The Bystander, April 17, 1918.—No. 750. Vol. LVIII.

The BYSTANDER

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

Up Against It

THE news from the front will vitalise all the English-speaking peoples, not for a moment to leave unmentioned our gallant Allies. A titanic onslaught is being met by superhuman courage and endurance. The enemy gains ground on the flood-tide of his own blood. Our losses also are heavy; and the Hun has at any rate the triumph of plunging the world into fresh anguish and mourning. In the end we shall win because no righteous cause ever did fail, and because our spirit is undefeatable. But to secure this supreme salvation for everything in life worth saving, our leadership in high places, in the men who have to face facts, and the ready assent of the country to whatever hardships may be laid upon it, must be worthy of the heroism of the men who face the enemy.

The Alternative Thrust

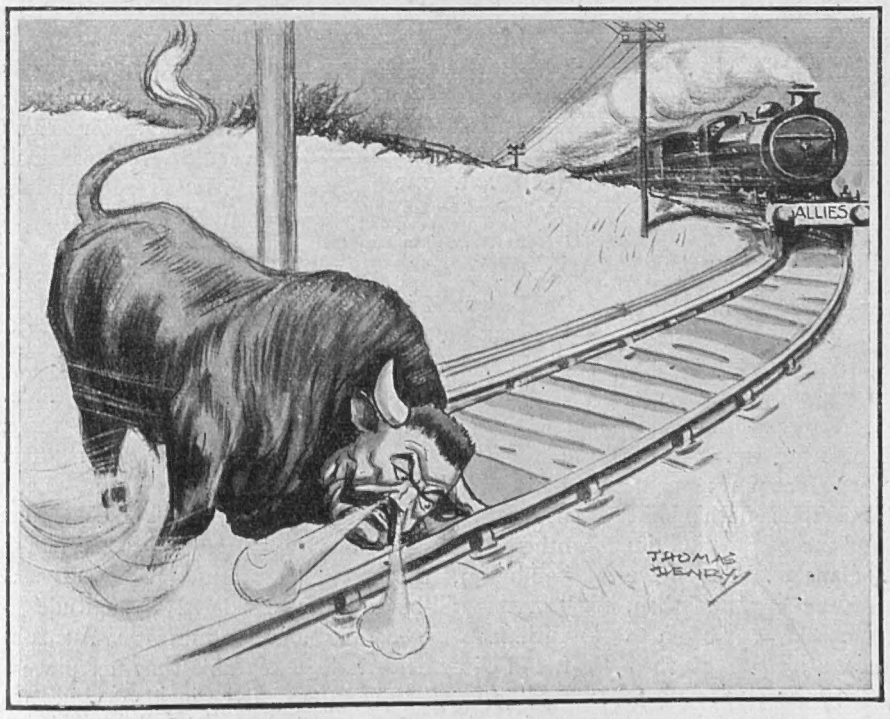
BROUGHT up fairly firmly in their colossal push for Amiens and the lower reaches of the Somme, the German General Staff spent most of last week in a determined attack against the British positions further north, and again gained ground, though at a heavy cost in life. Indeed, by the end of the week, the position was the most serious one which has yet confronted Sir Douglas Haig, for if the Germans succeeded in pushing on to Hazebrouck it seemed likely enough that the whole of our line from Ypres to Dunkirk and possibly even further south along the coast would have to be withdrawn, in order to avoid being cut off altogether from the remainder of our line and the French in the south.

"Our Backs to the Wall"

OVER the week-end the news was better than might have been expected. The line held. With their "backs to the wall," as Sir Douglas Haig put it in the order issued to the British Armies, our men fought even more gallantly than ever. But the menace is still most serious, for the German General Staff is evidently determined not to let any sacrifice of men deter it from its object, so long as sufficient men remain to render that object attainable. There must, of course, come a time when his divisions will be so weakened that there are no more of them to throw into the furnace. It is once again a case of "hard pounding, gentlemen!" and though at present it is our men who are getting the pounding, the effort to administer it must inevitably weaken the enemy. And a nation of fighters is not likely to forget how often an apparently lost fight has been transformed by the sudden knock-out blow administered by a weary but wary boxer to a cocksure adversary.

How the Money Goes

FOR munitions of war alone the country paid in the year ended March 31, 1917, over five hundred million pounds—or about two and a half times as much as the total national expenditure for all purposes in 1913. Even granting that a dead German is cheap at almost any price, £5000 apiece (and probably more) seems a good deal to pay for disposing of them. But the Auditor-General's report—which every one ought to read: it appeared in Saturday's daily papers—reveals, owing to muddled accounts and sheer incompetence in administration, a waste of public money for which the public, if it were not too busy being conscripted, ought to insist on somebody being brought to book. The Auditor-General gives instances of huge overpayments and duplicate payments to contractors, and of supplying contractors, free, with the materials for their work and then paying them for these very materials. Whether the Ministry or the contractors are the more to blame it is difficult to say; no wonder some of the latter could well afford to laugh at the excess-profits tax!



"BAD FOR THE BULL"

Litera Scripta Manet

LOTS of people have written letters in the past which, later on, they wish they had torn up before posting. Letters often turn out very awkwardly

(Continued on page 96)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

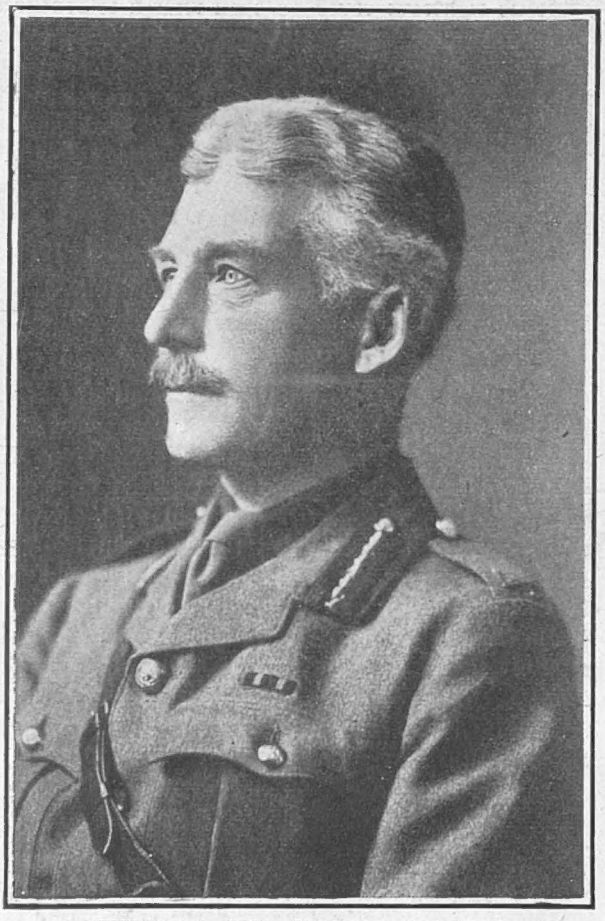
for the writers, as others besides lawyers know. Very few people, however, can "wish they hadn't" more fervently than the Emperor Karl of Austria. Full of the flush of youthful virtue, he wrote in March, 1917, an autograph letter (and sent it secretly through Prince Sixte) to President Poincaré (and through him to the Governments of France and England) fully acknowledging the justice of France's claim to Alsace-Lorraine and the rights of Belgium and Serbia to restoration and reparation. This letter was mentioned recently by M. Clemenceau, in his reply to Count Czernin; and the measure of Karl's apprehension is indicated by the fact that he at once wired to the Kaiser denying its existence. The full text of the letter has now been published, and Karl may expect a bad quarter of an hour with his Over-Lord. Bismarck's famous "Ems telegram" seems to be coming home to roost!

The Cuthberts of Westminster

If we are all to fight or help the fighting men—giving up much in the doing of it—why should not the M.P.'s have a go? Are they to rely on a House of Commons exemption and plague us with their talking? Many members have given devoted service in the field, but quite a number of others have not. And some of them have quite youthful secretaries, who have been outrageously "protected"; and, low be it whispered, there are, or certainly have been until very recently, high Ministers whose Hansard-searchers would be more patriotically and usefully employed in foot-slogging. Why not comb out the House and its precincts and give those we do not take a nice, long, unbroken holiday for the duration?

After Rhetoric—The Comb

To win the war the nation will endure anything. In the sacrifices they are ready to make the people are a long way ahead of Ministers. "Man-power" has been notoriously urgent for many months, yet the politicians have allowed it to remain nothing but an academic problem with vast and exciting possibilities in the shape of sectional vote-balancing. They have waited for the supreme crisis of the war, and then, instead of having the men in the field, they begin to brandish the comb. Their difficulties are of their own making, and unless they face them with pluck and resolve the nation's account against them will be more than they can pay.



THE MAN WHO STOPPED THE GAP

Brigadier-General Carey, who, when our line was broken, gathered together a heterogeneous mass of engineers, labour battalions, Chinese workmen—everyone he could find, in fact—threw them into the breach, and stopped the gap

Paying the Bill

By way of cheering up his compatriots a pleasing "after-the-war" prospect was put before them by General von Kleist in the Prussian Upper House last week. According to the General, everyone in Germany will have to give half his income to pay the interest on the German war loans. This is clearly the proper way to make war loans popular. Subscribe to the war—and pay yourself your interest out of your own income! Even the people who lived by the tenuous expedient of taking in one another's washing probably got more fun out of it than that. This scheme is only for his own friends though. Von Kleist gives no indication of how the Allies are to provide the huge indemnities which will be exacted from them. "That is their business," he sagely remarks.

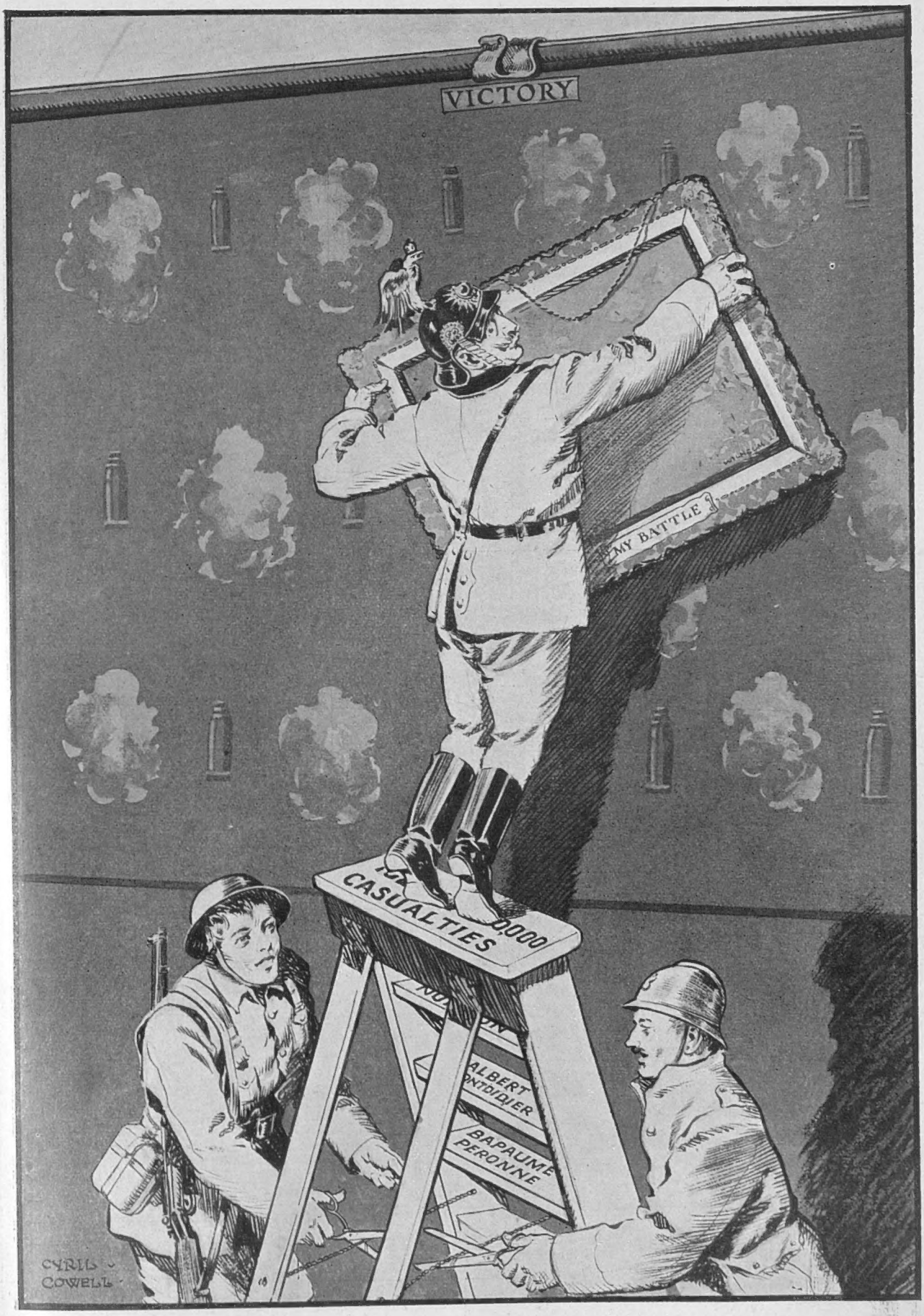
Rumania's Escape and Poland's Prospects

With this disgusting prospect of a shortness of cash for beer and sauerkraut, Von Kleist goes on to wax very wroth with the diplomatists who made peace with Rumania for only lopping off large chunks of territory without exacting any cash indemnities. "I read that treaty with shame," he cries. "It grieves me that we emerged with empty pockets." I sympathise with this fine old Junker Baron—these things do go badly (shall I say?) against the grain. However, he intends to get back on the swings what he loses on the roundabouts by very acutely remarking that as the Poles did not help the dear, kind Germans to liberate them from Tsardom they cannot expect anything but annexation by Germany. These Poles never did have any luck, did they? If "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell," her utterance now must be one prolonged scream.

On Barren Ground

I like the story of the man who, when the Federal House of Representatives resumed its sittings at Sydney the other day, rose in the public gallery and sang a few lines of "Australia will be there," adding (in a strong North of England accent): "That, gentlemen, is the watchword at the front. Let it be yours here to-day!" But alas! like so many others who feel it hard to put up with the namby-pambyism, the polite evasions, and the usual "matter-will-be-carefully-considered" attitude of parliaments generally, our enthusiastic Australian friend chose neither the acceptable time nor place for his "ginger." The report of the incident closes with the laconic (and pathetic) words: "He was removed." Still, he sowed the seed.

Still Out of Reach



—And when the scissors do their job,
And bring him quickly tumbling down,
His picture won't be worth a bob,
And he—not even *half* a crown!

"IN ENGLAND -NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

THE RIVALS

Collingwood Blake, R.N.A.S.,
Rejoiced in his quite distinctive dress;
While equally pleased with his, you see,
Was Percival Planer, R.F.C.

LONDON, *April* 15, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

IF this last and latest of our many Man Power Bills really and truly does do all—or even half—that it setteth out to do, then will the face of things here in England now indeed suffer a war change into something newer and stranger than all war's changes yet.

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TAKE the proposal making parsons as other men, for instance. How sad for the true believer, and also how boring, to be spiritually ministered unto by the doddery and the tottery in place of those young and handsome and often even muscular clergy who have stuck to their soul-saving throughout these nearly four mortal years of dreadful war, though champing at the bit (or so one has heard) to be in the thick of it with their fighting and falling (but mere laymen) brothers.

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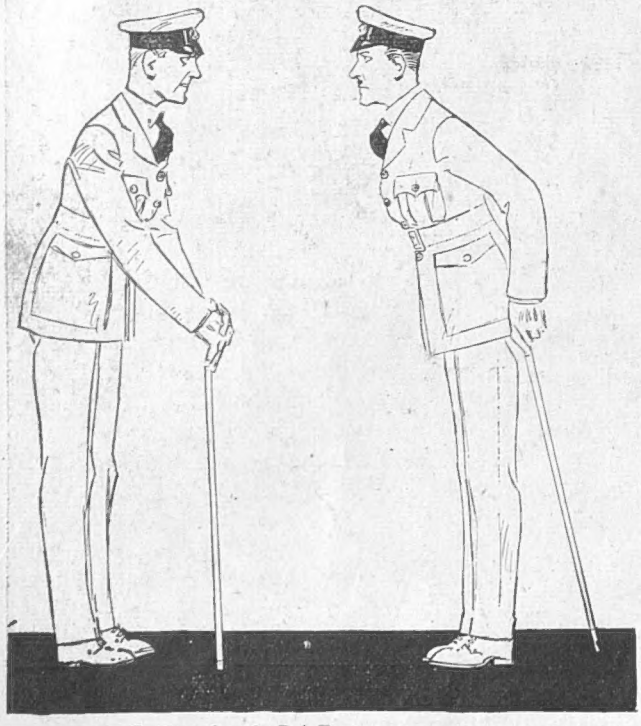
ONE fears it will come hard on "the cloth." "They who cross the seas change their sky but not their disposition," says Horace, and even for the non-combatant services the path of this appalling war is set with death and danger. Time was, I suppose, when, for instance, the nursing staffs were fairly sure of their lives, anyway. But against an enemy who sinks hospital ships these take hazards with the rest, and one reads of them as losing everything they possessed and "in great danger" during that retirement of the Fifth Army.



Sudden arises the R.A.F.
With orders to which they can't be deaf;
And though once they differed as chalk from cheese,
To-day they're as like as two split peas!

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BUT the greatest war-change of all, of course, will come if they ever really do take all those men up to 51, upon whose still broad shoulders the task of carrying on has, up to now, been laid. Between you and me and Sir Auckland Geddes, quite a lot of these are quite as fit to fight as many a man of a younger (and confessedly weaker) generation; and as for the good old scare-cry that without them the country's commerce will go to rack and ruin—ah, well, we heard that before, didn't we, when conscription was first on the carpet? And, in any case, it's the war and not business that matters at the moment?

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THEIR superfluity of fitness, indeed, is often the pride and joy and the *great* subject of conversation with many of those too-old-to-fight ones (or even help non-combatively) but not too old to savour life almost to the full. See them on their golf-courses any week-end. The strength and energy spent on a round before lunch and another after it, with, perhaps, nine holes after tea and a rubber or so of bridge to follow, could really, you know, be rather more *nationally* expended at a time when only the utmost energies of every able man lie between us and hazards that the unthinking multitude either cannot or will not vision.

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WHICH reminds me, there's a quaking in a few feminine dovecotes, too; for whether it wants it or not, female labour the country's got to have, to replace the myriads of men now swallowed up in the horrid maw of war. One hears rumours of the

(Continued on page 100)

The "Women of Pervyse"

Our illustration shows Baroness de T'Serclaes and Miss Mairi Chisholm, whose description of their work for the wounded in the cellars of Pervyse made up one of the most charming and interesting books of the war. Both of these ladies have been awarded the Military Medal for their devoted work, and both of them, we regret to state, are now suffering from gas-poisoning, a German gas-shell having burst right in the door of their dug-out

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

roving Geddes eye fixed purposefully upon those ladies of "no occupation" (who so described themselves in the National Register); and "Description: Domestic Duties," is also suspect. The idea being, you see, that the duties of dusting the drawing-room and doing the flowers could now with advantage be shelved in favour of such more tiring but also more useful occupations as weeding, hoeing, fruit-picking, hay-making, and other on-the-land pastimes.

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IN odd corners, at odd moments, a good deal of woman recruiting is going on; but the fluffy flapper, with her fearsome *gamin* wits sharpened in the London streets, is caught by no such device of patriotism; and only conscription will ever rank *her* amongst that noble army of women workers which has spent itself so splendidly in the country's service. One of which last, the author of "A V.A.D. in France," declares all that women have done and suffered in this war an honour and a privilege.

It has made better women of us all; it has brought knowledge to our understanding, life to our ideals, light to our soul. For the pain will pass, since all pain ultimately dies. But what will endure for ever is the memory of the nobility, the grandeur, the approach to divinity we have all seen.

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OF course, *were* we all conscripted for war-work there'd be, there's no doubt about it, a perfectly tremendous upheaval of life, social, domestic, industrial, and everything else. (Which is what there *ought* to be, *I* think; but that's neither here nor there!) Consider the stage alone. Though in France the battle was restarting in frightful force, and though the patriotic Press was imploring the nation to rouse itself to a sense of urgency and danger such as it had never yet known, there were produced, in London last week, some half-dozen new plays. Not to keep up the usual peace-time supply of plays would, of course, distress the public as much as it would deplete the purses of the players. But the question is—Does it help with the war? And if not, why not?

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SAME thing with the turning of the social wheel. To make the frocks you see in the Park and in the restaurants and the enchanting new hats that rise up like mushrooms to greet the spring an army of able-bodied females—who might be either on the land or, better still, exercising their special skill in the aeroplane factories, are kept closely at it from early morn till dewy eve. Do either the makers or the wearers help to win the war? And if not, why not?

But there's worse to follow. They're both quite madly
In love with the same girl—got it badly!
Her name's in Debrett, I understand,
But *noblesse oblige*—she works on the land!

卐 卐

FOR really, you know, it's come at last to one thing or another—you're now either for or against, a doer or an obstructor. Everything that one does that doesn't help to win the war—even taking a taxi when you're perfectly capable of walking on your own perfectly well-shod feet, or, at the worst, democratically travelling by tube or 'bus—is a step, however small, towards the unthinkable possibility of losing it.

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IT'S even a moot point whether at least half the people who patronise such war-flavoured affairs as the great Red Cross Sale at Christie's, and pat themselves on the back for their patriotism, aren't, at bottom, to be numbered among the obstructors, for to these such shows are merely a social function *plus* a fatally pleasant and easy salve to the conscience. If they really wanted *only* to help with the war they'd just fire along their cheques and carry on in the factory, on the land, or what-not.

And though to them both she is well inclined,
She can't for the present make up her mind;
But the thing that would really tip the scale
Is that necklace of pearls at the Red Cross sale!

. . . . .

So, Planer and Blake, save up your cash;
And, in the meantime, *be sure don't "crash"!*

卐 卐

FOR the men who "only wished they were ten years younger," the hour has arrived, and, together with parsons and other aforetime indispensables, they may now take their part—don the khaki, share the illimitable boredom of camp life, and drink their morning tea out of the mug they've cleaned their teeth in. They'll probably get rheumatism, poor dears, and the parsons'll have to listen to sermons (sergeants' variety) instead of preaching them, and it'll all be horribly uncomfy. But, after all, what does *anything* matter so long as one isn't left out of the only thing that *does* matter?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE.

THE BILL TO END "BILL"

Letters from an American Cantonment

I.—THE CANTONMENTS

[*The advent of the American fighting man not only to France, but in the front line of the fight, lends a particular interest to this description of his training by an English officer who has assisted in that transformation of the States citizen into the States soldier.*—Ed.]

My Dear Bystander—

The American cantonment is a wonderful thing. It is built to contain about forty thousand troops, and in magnificence it far surpasses anything that we have been used to in Europe. Everybody in it has about as many cubic feet of air at his disposal as an average platoon in a camp at home. Indeed my first question when I saw this camp was: "But where are the soldiers to occupy all this space?" Bryan's million men would have got lost in it.

❋ ❋

However, I soon saw them. The American soldier is not naturally a self-effacing individual, and it was only the vast spaciousness of his surroundings that for the moment led me to overlook him. Not only in the matter of room have they got us beaten, but also in all the comforts. Everyone has a bed, and there is abundant heat, water, and lighting for the humblest. The heating is, it is true, a little unreliable; but on heatless days, it has been pointed out, one can always comfort oneself with the thought that if the ice plant were to break down they could always use the furnaces.

❋ ❋

With true democratic principles the officers are accommodated no better than the men. Their messes are as the men's messes, only smaller. There are no vestiges of ante-rooms or other such evidences of European militarism. And their "enlisted men" (*i.e.* "other ranks") feed better than the most gorgeous of our sergeants' messes did even in the days when England, too, was flowing with milk and honey. I make the comparison with our sergeants' messes advisedly, for, of course, the officers' messes never compared with them, as anyone can tell who has been in both.

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There seems to be a theatre, a Community House (which is a sort of cross between Olympia and the Regent Palace), a movie theatre, a Y.M.C.A., and a department store for every other man. The Knights of Columbus and the Church Army have huts galore. Altogether the camp is, indeed, "a home from home"—even from an American home. Only at times one feels tempted to wonder if the army has been brought to these camps for a great "get-together" social campaign or for military training.

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The great American public is certainly sparing itself neither effort nor money to keep its soldiers amused. There is provided for them a whirl of amusements such as would put even New York or pre-war Paris to shame. For instance, I see from to-day's bulletin of amusements, published by the Divisional newspaper (of course, there is not only a Divisional newspaper, but most companies also run their own magazine) that the American "select" (*i.e.* drafted man) has for his diversion to-night a choice between a dance, a musical comedy with beauty chorus complete, a cinema show, six boxing entertainments, an initiation into the local Masonic lodge, and a lecture on Alaska. Strangely enough the last will probably be crowded. The American has a most splendid zeal for self-improvement.

❋ ❋

Every now and then some prominent personage, such as a movie star or an ex-President of the Republic, comes to the camp and tells them why America is in the war. (As if they did not know!) Then all the officers are gathered together and the visitor shakes hands solemnly with each in turn and says how pleased he is to meet him. Sometimes one begins to have doubts about those democratic principles, after all.

❋ ❋

Sport is very properly a great feature of the camp life. To the timid European, however, the somewhat disorganised manner in which it is conducted is a little alarming. Personally, I would rather attack a German trench system without any preliminary bombardment than pass through the mixed barrages of baseballs, footballs, basket-balls, volley-balls, and in some weather snowballs, which are put down all over the camp during recreation hours. In these periods I shut myself in my room and pretend to prepare a lecture for my next class. At moments like these it seems to me that She man certainly had the right idea about war

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There is one pretty custom which I cannot omit to relate. At retreat each night the whole Division turns out and stands at attention while Old Glory is hauled down. This is accompanied by the "Star-Spangled Banner" by such organisations as have bands and by the bugle call "To the Colours" by such as have not. To the musical ear this combination makes for a severe strain on both patriotism and discipline, but the feeling underlying it is fine.

❋ ❋

Altogether the American cantonment is a most interesting place. I have only one real complaint against it—namely, that it is dry. Still, after the mixture of chloride of lime and petrol which we have got used to with the B.E.F., even pure iced water tastes like nectar.

❋ ❋

Even more interesting to the student of human nature are the American soldiers who have been gathered together into these cantonments. But I have already exceeded the proper limits of a letter.

Yours, H. W. Y.

BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY

The Smoke of Battle

PASSED BY CENSOR

When rolling your Bull Durham, the most important thing is to keep the hands steady so that the tobacco lies evenly on the palm

"Everyone laughs when he plays"

The Bystander in Paris

BERTHA VISITS PARIS

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

THE agent of police has hurried himself along our street beating his drum. It is *ridicule* that he does so because now there are forty minutes that the fat Bertha herself has told us she is making a bombardment; and the little noise what he sounds is not so much as the voice of fat Bertha.

⁂

"TUM ta, ta, ta, tum ta, tum ta," he plays on his tambour and blushes. It is true, monsieur the agent of police blushes. They have commanded him to play a drum in the streets—it is easy to command, but to play it is another matter. He have quite forgotten the art, which is difficult, and it is unkindly that every one laughs when he plays.

⁂

NO more when it is Bertha who shoots do they send the sirens of the *pompiers,* which they do for an air-raid, and of that one is very content. It is the noise of a thousand devils, the sirens. One could not imagine so horrible a noise. It is to the instrument on the tower of Notre Dame that one would give the first prize. What a force! He howls like the lost souls and all the dogs of France. And what insistence!

⁂

IT is more than the bombs of the Gothas that he frightens, the howler on Notre Dame, and the *pompiers* make it their enjoyment to drive so fast through the streets and to tear the ears and the heart with the screaming of their sirens. They begin far away, like the wind in the door. "*Voilà l'alerte,*" some one will say, but we are calm. The minutes pass and louder and louder he howls. Then he arrives to our avenue. We close our ears with our hands.

⁂

LUCILE says it is most the sirens which frighten her, but for me it is always the first shot of Bertha. Afterwards one hears the explosion and then it is over till the next. One may amuse oneself for a time. But the first! He arrives so early in the morning. One is asleep, and then—boom! Always I jump out of bed and run to the window. Lucile says that it is foolish, and I try hard to stay in bed; but it is always as if the explosion were below my pillow.

⁂

IT was so it happened this morning, before the *agent de police* came with his drum, and for me there is no more of sleep. Marguerite, my English friend, is different. "How he was bad the bombardment, this morning," I say to her one day. And she reply: "Indeed? I never heard it." What one would give to sleep like that.

⁂

TO-DAY it is every hour that the Boche goes to send a shell. Long ago, when I was a little girl, and read of the siege of Paris, I have thought how brave all the people must have been to have endured to be bombarded. But to-day it is despite the shells and the fat Bertha that I write to you and Lucile occupies herself by the fire to put the new ribbons in her *robe*

(*Continued on page 106*)

"I try hard to stay in bed"

NAUTICAL

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"The old woman who sells the cauliflowers"

de nuit. And yet we are not brave, we two. We just wait.

❋

So many friends have invited to us, even from England, to leave Paris and to stay with them, but we have so much discussed it and are decided that we will stay. At the railway stations during these weeks it has a little been as in 1914. There are the great piles of boxes, and for hours the many people have waited to buy their tickets. I think that they are not all French people who have gone so quickly.

❋

One has now too much experience to say how they are wrong those who go. For me I think they have reason when they have the children. But all the same one admires most the old woman who sells the cauliflowers this morning in our street and does not stop to leave her barrow even when the shells make their explosion.

❋

It is for some part an inconvenience, this bombardment that the Boche is giving to us. One can do the little things, such as to sell the cauliflowers and to thread the ribbons in the little clothes, but it is not quietly that one can think; and now when one invites one's friends to lunch it is discreet to add: "We shall not expect you in case of bombardment."

❋

It is not many people who are afraid of Bertha; but she do make one so angry. There are many who do not like much to be awakened so early, and Irene says that soon, if she is much more wakened, she will become *aviateur* and herself bomb the whole forest where Bertha finds herself with incendiary bombs, so that everything and all the Boches will be burned.

❋

To-day when I write and all these days it is more we think of the great battle than of the little holes that Bertha makes. Perhaps soon—when you read this—it will be finished, and we will know. But now it is so quiet in Paris. For so long one has seen everywhere your soldiers, the tall Australians and the Canadians with their red and blue patches on their uniforms, of which no one understands what they mean.

❋

They made a success in Paris all those big men. In a day they became *flâneurs* of the Boulevards and so much they loved to sit on the *terrasse* and to discuss their fighting and their affairs. But in one night—pft! like a magic they are all disappeared. At the Leave Club Marguerite says the ladies made the sandwiches all the day and the next morning there was only one man who rested and he was ill from a shell.

❋

Everyone knew to where they were gone and no one made the remarks. It is for them we feel as for our own. And now we wait. My friends, it is always you call Paris gay. It knows well how to be gay, but now it is not so. I think it is a little fierce, our Paris; but when they come again, those quiet big soldiers of yours, they will know how the French people are not afraid to show their emotion.

Your friend,

Agnès.

"Those big Australians made a success in Paris"

Some of the "Nobodies"

Official Photograph

To the "unknown nobodies," as a Press correspondent terms them, who have barred the way of the German advance this country owes a debt it can never pay. Here are some of the Border Regiment and the Lincolns resting in a village just before going up to take their place in the line—thin, perhaps, but unbreakable

Tears from the Tigris

(Continued)

By A. A. THOMSON

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

(3) The Last Insult.

MY batman bought a fowl in Kut,
And in a dixie it was put,
But at the crucial juncture,
When at the table it was served,
My trusty carver simply swerved
And failed its hide to puncture.
It bent my fork; it broke my knife;
Two bayonets shattered in the strife.
Then I, in search of trouble,
Losing my resolution cool,
Attacked it with a trenching tool
Which found itself bent double.
Reduced at last to parlous plight,
I blew it up with dynamite
And proved myself a winner;
But as it floated towards the blue
A cock-like voice malignly crew:
"I have enjoyed this dinner!"

(5) A Reasonable Theory.

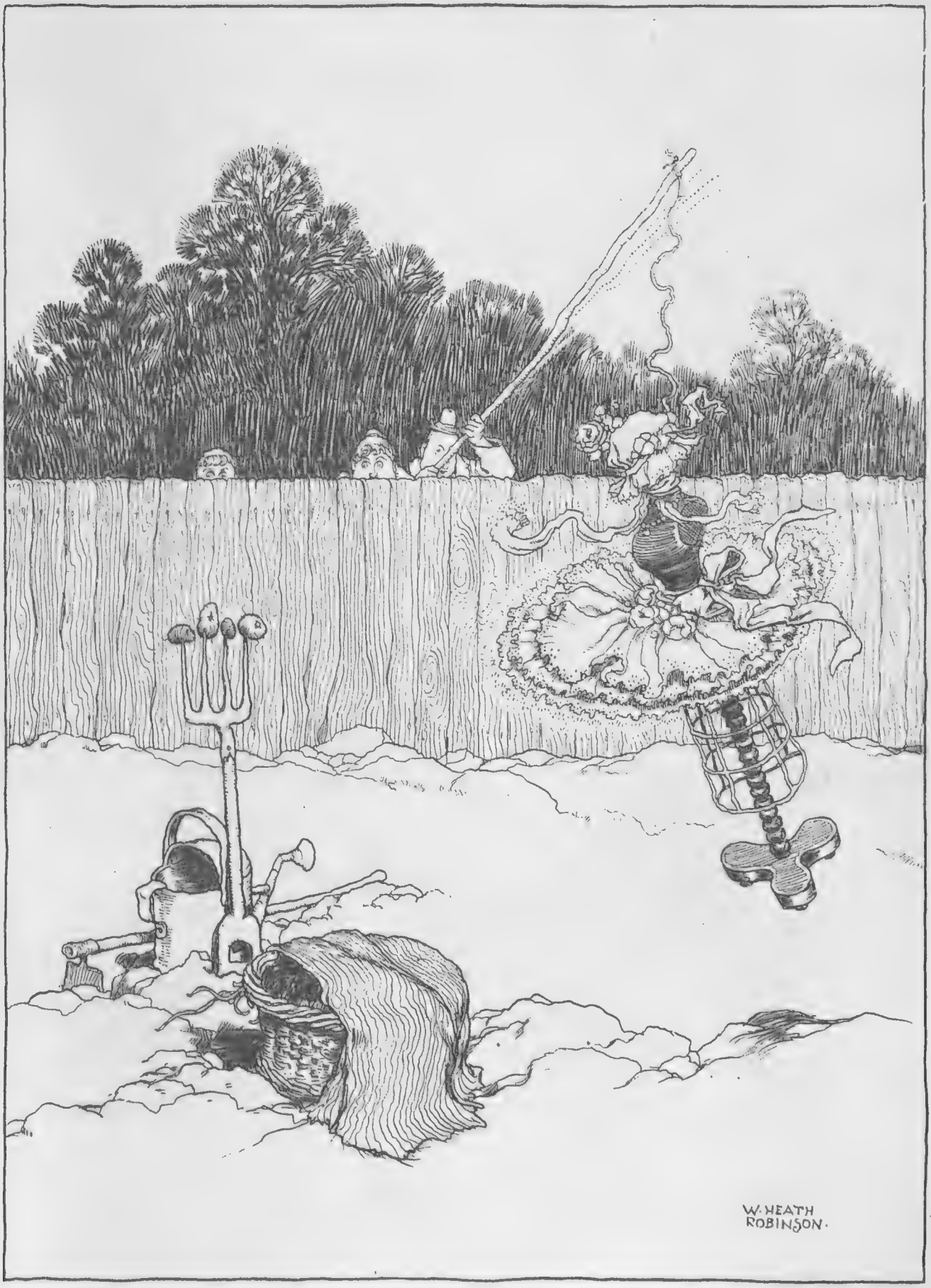
A 5 POINT 9 went off one day
And carried half my brain away;
Since when (so strange promotions are)
I have acquired a second star.
This fills my heart with holy joy
And leads me to believe, my boy,
That if I lose the other half
I'll find myself upon the Staff!

(4) Taking the Palm.

A CAPTAIN in the R.F.A.,
On observation work one day,
Ascended an enormous palm,
And, balanced there, all cool and calm,
Sent disquisitions on the view,
By telephone to G.H.Q.
But, sad to say, that palm tree branch
Discharged him like an avalanche,
Hurling him headlong on the ear
Of his astonished bombardier.
As a result of this event
Out of this wicked world he went.
And if to realms above he's flown,
He'll wave a palm-branch of his own,
And if to nether regions dim,
The climate will not worry him.
A hotter spot he'll never find
Than this fair land he's left behind.

PASSED BY CENSOR

Forcing the Murphies



ENDEAVOURING TO OPEN THE EYES OF SEED POTATOES BEFORE SOWING

Perils of War—an

PASSED BY CENSOR

Old Bill wishes now that he had never gone into

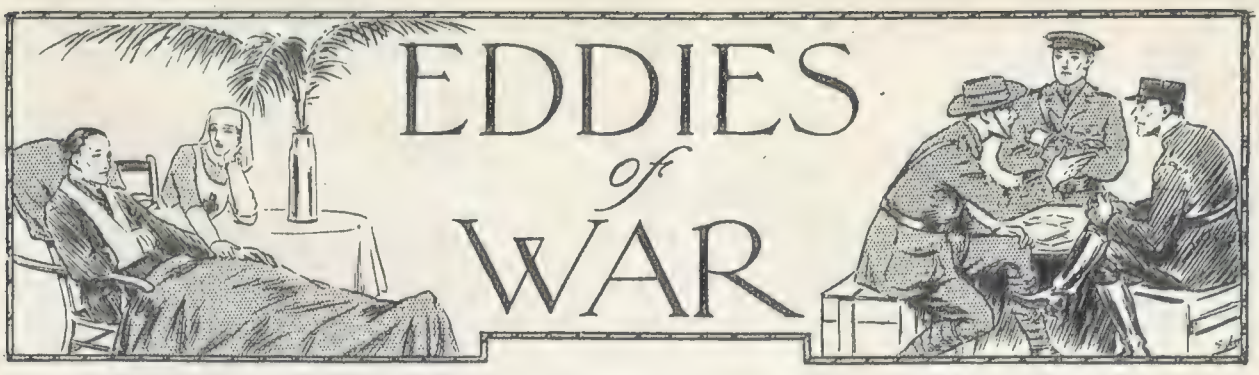
-and of Popularity

ne into that café on the Boulevard des Italiennes

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Not Davos but—Simla

On the ice-rink at Simla, where skating is usually to be had for nearly three months every winter. The rink is made by flooding a level piece of ground about 100 yards in length; and skating has become quite the most popular outdoor winter sport there



THE LONDON OFFENSIVE. BY DELL LEIGH

THE London and Suburban Offensive has been in operation now for some weeks past, and although the official *communiqué* is not published with that delightful candour and brevity contained in those daily *communiqués* we read during our rationed breakfasts, news can, nevertheless, be obtained by word of mouth at lunch time from the warriors just returned from this or that particular battle zone. The offensive of which I write is being undertaken in several different places, but of these we will take only one.

* *

FOR this we will go to railhead, namely, Albert station of the London and Britain Railway Company, Ltd. The time is five fifteen on any afternoon, but preferably on an afternoon preceding the rising, at eight p.m., of a young but vigorous moon. The enemy are standing in column of fours upon the platform of the 5.35 down express. They have their equipment handy, consisting of small bags, and that peculiar impedimentum, often containing gaseous substances, known as the "Russian" basket. They have also their iron rations in paper bags, into which they dip mechanically while waiting. You and I are of the Allied Armies, and we are proposing to go by the same train (somewhat optimistically, we think) to the seaside to visit wounded cousins in hospital. You have never had an opportunity of studying the enemy at close quarters, and you seize the opportunity now, as you have been led to believe there may shortly be some close fighting. They are a queer, heterogeneous enemy. About sixty-six per cent. could prove British parentage; the rest are—well—shall we say "friendly neutrals"? They have set, determined faces, on which a bewitched anxiety

(*Continued on page 114*)

The New "Harumfrodite"

PASSED BY CENSOR

"This engine's peterin' out, George; just squint over the side and tell me if this is a land machine or a seaplane I've taken out—I forget!"

"EDDIES OF WAR" (*concluded*)

sits heavily as they glance rapidly from time to time along the platform towards the open places whence trains come.

* *

You stand aloof, slightly in the rear of the column of fours, speculating upon your chances of (A) getting into the 5.35, and (B) sitting down when you *are* in it. Presently there is a warning hiss of steam, and the train is backed in. You have a hazy recollection of what immediately followed, for the moment the battle opened with a heavy barrage of steam your nearest enemy hit you adroitly across the shins with a suit case, and you rolled upon the platform and five people trod on you. You *do* remember, however, giving a pound note to a railway official in a tall hat, who threw you in amongst a dense mass of scuffling humanity as the train moved out of the terminus. Late that night when you lie in bed, aching, you analyse the battle somewhat as follows:

Ethics.—To take good care you get into the train and sit down, preferably in a first smoker with a third-class season. To exhibit all the inherent instincts of the brute beast that are latent in you. To make it perfectly clear to all competitors placed in similar circumstances that you are the strong, silent man, determined to have his own way, and that quickly. To ignore the threadbare platitude that women are the weaker sex—they should stay at home in these times, or leave his own train to the City man. To support the truism that the race is not to the swift, but to the wealthy.

Ways and Means.—Firstly, to tip heavily every railway employé engaged in any capacity on that particular train. The bias of judgment will then always be in your favour in the event of trouble. To throw yourself heavily in the direction of the carriage your porter has marked down for you, doing this through as many females as possible, since they offer the line of least resistance. To throw into the corridor any luggage that may already be marking the seat you want, and then bury yourself behind the *Financial Times*. In the event of argument, pretend you only speak Portuguese, and relapse again behind your newspaper. Occupy as much of the seat as possible for subsequent comfort, and breathe heavily on the window so that you cannot see women standing in the corridor.

The Reason Why.—Because it is folly to stay in London during periods of raids. Because with the cheap season-ticket rate you are given a wonderful bargain, and an undisturbed night, for about one-and-sevenpence instead of eight-and-fourpence. Because war does not oppress you outside London as it does in it. Because you see no reason why *you* should suffer any temporary discomfort, or frenzied terror, when our watching gunners put up the barrage, and our tireless boys fly the machines towards the enemy, high up through the penetrating cold of the night; oh no!

* *

But you could go on in this strain for hours, and you are weary with battle, in which you were beaten. So you turn your aching body over and switch off the light, permitting yourself, for the first time in your recollection, to thank God you are not as other men are, nor even as these voyagers!

MISUNDERSTOOD

M.T. DRIVER: "Hi, Sandy, can you give me sixty gallons of water for my caterpillars?"
SANDY: "It may be the first o' April, man, but you're no catchin' me wi' your nonsense!"

THE SILENT SERVICE

Two World-Famous Amusement-Makers

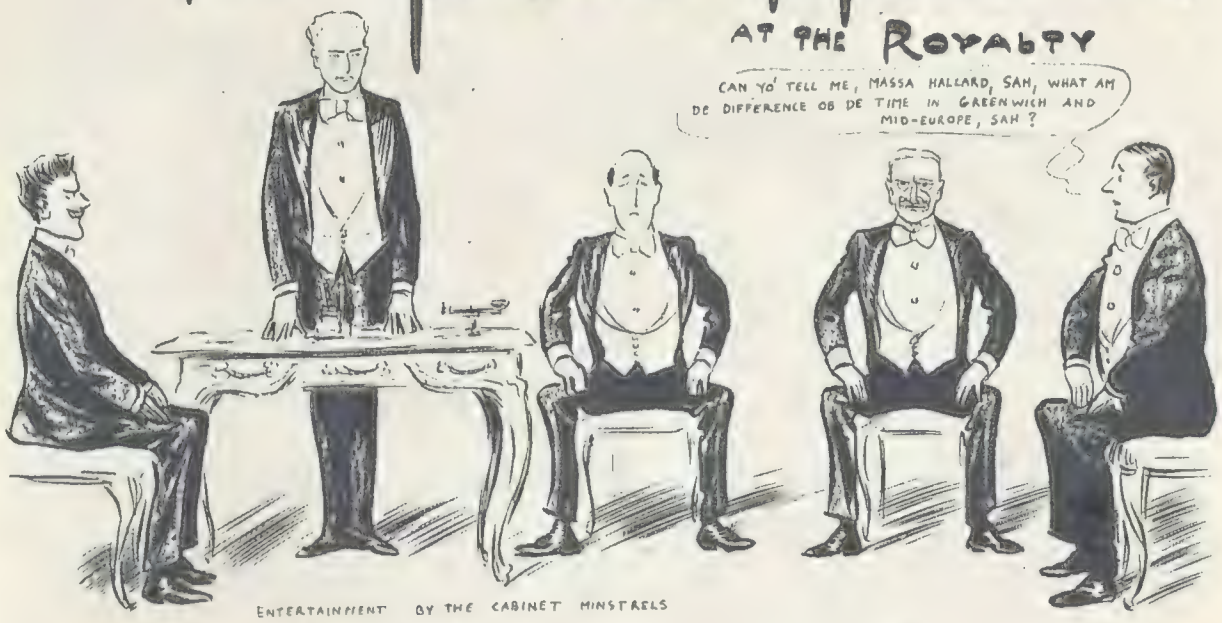
HARRY LAUDER AND CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Who are appearing together in a film, the entire proceeds of which are to go to the British Wounded Soldiers Fund. Such a film, "featuring" the two most popular entertainment personalities of the day, ought to bring in a tidy sum

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

THE PRIME MINISTER

AT THE ROYALTY



BY "JINGLE" *Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER*

BEFORE the world was permitted to see this entirely new and original play, Mr. Hall Caine obligingly gave out a note of the circumstances under which it was written. Some time before the war, he was present at a tea-party in Switzerland, with a few Princes and Princesses and Grand Dukes, and people of that class, and when the excitement was all over he went to bed and slept on it; and in the morning he found that his dramatic genius had already built a story round this distinguished gathering. Shortly afterwards Mr. Caine had breakfast with the Prime Minister who very kindly supplied part of the material for the prologue to this play. Under the circumstances, it seems to me it would be a graceful thing if the programme contained the acknowledgment that is usual in such cases. Such as, for instance: "The author desires to thank the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, the well-known statesman, for his help in arranging the Cabinet scene in this play." What?

❋

THIS Cabinet meeting forms the prologue. It is a touching picture of masterly inactivity. The Ministers sit about and look sad, while they wait for the clock to strike twelve, at which hour the ultimatum to Berlin will expire. One Minister makes the paralysing statement that he seems already "to hear the tramp of twenty millions of men." Only a Cabinet Minister, I suppose, could make an effort of imagination like that. I do not know how long it takes twenty millions of men to pass a given point within earshot, but I think you would have to wait a long time. Then somebody with a brain wave reminds the meeting that eleven o'clock in London is twelve o'clock in Berlin, and that therefore the ultimatum has already expired; and that, of course, puts the tin hat on the rather casual proceedings. The author claims official authority for this circumstance, and I am sure that all parties concerned will be very grateful to him for mentioning it.

❋

THE story of the play deals with the dual nature of Margaret Schiller, a young girl born in England of German parents. The late King Edward is said to have remarked of the Kaiser that he is half English and half German. When the English half is controlling him he is a gentleman; but when the German half is pulling the strings he is—the Kaiser. Margaret Schiller is like that. Under German influence she is merely an undesirable alien, but under the soft and balmy influence of domestic life in Downing Street she is quite an exemplary young person. For it is to Downing Street she goes as nursery governess to the Prime Minister's motherless child.

❋

MARGARET SCHILLER is suffering under an imaginary wrong. She thinks the Prime Minister was responsible for the fact that her father, incarcerated as a self-confessed spy, died in prison. Now the Prime Minister is engaging a "Swiss" governess for his child. It is quite easy for Margaret Schiller to impersonate the "Swiss" governess who has been engaged, and she is received at Downing Street with every sign

(*Continued on page 118*)

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

THE SCHILLER FAMILY AT HOME

of cordiality. The Prime Minister has the reputation of being a harsh man, but this side of his character is mercifully hidden from us. Margaret has hardly been in the house ten minutes before he finds that she is impersonating the genuine article for her own evil purposes. He therefore gives her a severe talking to, and makes her promise that she will not be a naughty girl again, and will never have anything more to do with German conspirators and horrid people of that sort. And Margaret promises.

❀

THEN we are taken to a meeting of aliens in a house in Soho Square. The aliens gather round a table and formally condemn the Prime Minister to death, and then draw lots as to who shall execute the sentence. They used to do this sort of thing in a rather more exciting way at the Grand Guignol, in Paris, before the war, where I once saw a meeting of Revolutionaries on the stage sentence one of their number to death for treachery. The sentence was there and then executed in a quiet and subdued manner so as not to disturb any of the other lodgers who may have gone to bed early. In this play the lot falls to Magaret's brother; and Margaret, who is present in violation of her oath, undertakes to let the assassin into the Prime Minister's house by the back door.

❀

MEANWHILE, it seems pretty clear that Margaret has fallen in love with the kind and good Prime Minister. Of course it is a sadly misplaced attachment; but you can see that, as she listens to his gentle voice, she seems to be all the while just longing to ask him where he is going on Sunday. Therefore she has no sooner let her brother into the house than she repents her mad act very much. Indeed, how she could have come to do such a dreadfully naughty thing I cannot understand. The idea, I take it, is that it was done under the influence of the German half of her nature. When the British half happily supervenes, there is only one course open to Margaret and she takes it with commendable promptitude. She hides her brother behind a screen; and then goes out and comes back into the room in the darkness with a cloak round her, and is shot in mistake for the man she loves. The Prime Minister hurries on and supports the dying girl in his arms while he tells the assassin to go quickly before the police can get him, thus making himself clearly an accessory after the fact. Miss Ethel Irving did wonders with a character that, after all, is only sketchily portrayed; but even she could hardly make it real. Mr. Hall Caine has announced that he wrote this play as the only way in which he could do useful war work, and he is certainly entitled to the fullest credit for his excellent intentions.

JINGLE

"Fancy Free"

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MISS ISOBEL ELSOM

Who is delighting the New Theatre audiences by her acting in Mr. A. A. Milne's pretty little play "Belinda"

Books *of the* Week

The Spiritualistic Parson

OCCULTISM continues to intrigue the novelist as much as it seems to annoy the police magistrates. Here is Mr. Hubert Wales approaching the whole question in *Blue Flame* (Long: 6*s.* net.) The Rev. James Brookes, like Mr. Wells's bishop, finds that his conscience is troubling him. The dogmas he is teaching are weighed in the balance and found to be not nearly so satisfactorily heavy as the spiritualistic teachings of the fair Ulla. In fact Ulla's "friendship" leads to the temporary desertion of the Rev. James's common, but sensible, little wife. A materialisation *séance*, however, by a fraudulent conjuror-person, brings him back to his senses and, incidentally, to his wife. Quite a good, readable story, it is, although my own experience of "materialisations," even with trap-doors and other delightfully Maskelyne accessories, does not lead me easily to believe that both the intrepid Ulla and her parson would have been so frightened even by a "ghost" in a "blue flame."

❀ ❀

The Beloved Car

THERE can be something lovable about a motor-car—if, and when, it goes properly. I write "it" but perhaps Mr. Bennet Coppleston would prefer me to write "she," for the car heroine of his amusing and thoughtful book *Jitny and the Boys* (Murray: 5*s.* net.) is decidedly feminine. The Boys are delightful—Big Peter (who can drive anything); Tony (who is betwixt and between); and wee Roddy (who has a young eye for finance). And they have a dad well worthy of them. Jitny is used both in peace and in war, and does her bit with the rest of 'em. The book will make an admirable present for anybody, from the public-school boy, who would give anything to be Jitny's owner, to the maiden mid-Victorian aunt, who would undoubtedly deplore the fact that Jitny or her ancestors had ever been invented.

❀ ❀

"With Silent Friends"

READERS of the *Tatler* will know that its book review pages are conducted by Mr. Richard King, whose agreeable habit it has been for some years to preface his reviews with essays in miniature on all kinds of subjects. These little essays, whether grave or gay, always embrace some careful thought, and are admirably presented. Wherefore it is good to see that their author has gathered the best of them into a volume, *With Silent Friends* (Jordan-Gaskell: 5*s.* net). It is a book to take up where you will, and people have already discovered its merits, for a third edition is printed. This means, incidentally, that the St. Dunstan's Institution for the Blind will materially benefit, for Mr. King is handing over his profits to that undertaking. I can best describe *With Silent Friends*, perhaps, by saying that it is one of those little volumes that you will like to keep at your bedside.

R. S.

WHEN THE 50's ARE IN IT

JONES (aged 52): "How do you like Army life?"

BROWN (aged 49): "My office boy is my sergeant, and my son is my commanding officer—and *I* have to ask the young beggar's permission to come home and see *his* mother"

"SUNDOUR FABRICS"

Special Spring Show at Waring & Gillow's

WE have £10,000 worth of these goods actually in our Showrooms, so that there is no delay in the execution of orders, either in our Showrooms or by post. The various qualities enumerated were manufactured and dyed especially for us, and cannot be supplied by any other firm. These goods were bought over twelve months ago, at much lower prices than ruling to-day. We are, therefore, giving our clients the benefit, which will mean a saving to them of at least 33⅓ per cent. on the present-day prices.

BEING permanent in colour, the life of "Sundour" Fabrics is over three times longer than any other fabric. These fabrics can be used for Casement Curtains, also for heavy Curtains for Bedrooms, Drawing Rooms, and Dining Rooms, etc., etc., and, in the heavier qualities, for Furniture Coverings. All colours are absolutely guaranteed, excepting the Rose and Pink shades, which are dyed by the best possible ordinary dyes, but are not guaranteed unfadable. The Pink, Rose, and Cream shades are therefore cheaper in proportion than the guaranteed "Sundour" dyes.

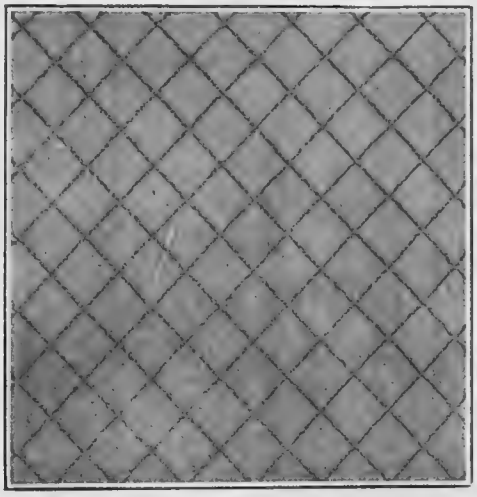
The colours are absolutely guaranteed against fading by sunlight or washing, and will be replaced, or the money refunded, if proved to fade in the slightest possible manner.

Pattern Books, containing 160 different samples of "Sundour" Fabrics, will be sent post free on request.

50 in. Reversible Damask in Italian Scroll design, as illustrated, which has the appearance of a rich silk Damask, and is suitable for heavy curtains and covering furniture. Colours: Green, Blue, Mauve, Grey, and Brown, only **7/11 per yard.**

31 in. Fine Cotton Casement in Greens, Blues, Mauve, and Brown, Tussore, and Stone colours, **1/11½ per yard.**

50 in. Fine Mercerised Casement silk finish. Greens, Browns Blues, Mauve, Grey and Stone, **3/11 per yard.** Cream, Pink, and Rose colours, only **3/3 per yard.**



50 in. Mercerised Casement, Trellis design as illustrated, in plain colours. Full range 'Sundour' colours, **4/11 per yard**; in Cream, Pink and Rose, only **3/11 per yard.**

50 in. Heavy Casement Cotton, all "Sundour" colours, **3/3 per yard.** In Cream and Pink shades, only **2/3½ per yard.**

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Flowery

SHE: "Are you a botanist, Captain Smart?"
HE: "No—but I know a daisy when I see one!"

Shrapnel Pars

AMERICA'S motto for the war is: "All out and all in!"

PRIVATE persons are asked to be economical in their use of whitewash. The whole of the available supply is wanted for pending official inquiries.

"TO think of comfort at such a time," says a well-known publicist, "is a disgraceful thing." In other words, put peace in your boots and get on with the war!

KARL MUCK, we understand, is to be interned for the duration of the war. When the war is over he will, of course, be returned to the heap.

GENERAL SMUTS has referred to the Prime Minister's "well-meant olive branch." Query: When is an olive branch not well meant?

LORD RHONDDA says that the arm of the Food Controller is long. It's not his long arm that troubles us; it's his short measure, and his broad hints that square meals won't go round.

A GREAT alliance—The British Lion and the French Tiger.

A CAMBRIDGE DON is in the Army peeling potatoes; and Mr. Fisher is still pushing his education bill as a panacea.

"DO not bis dat," as the speaker with a cold in his head unhappily remarked as he pointed to the local tank bank.

THE paper which aptly described Count Czernin, the other day, as "a mere instrument in German hands" forgot to specify the particular instrument it had in mind. No doubt, however, it was thinking of the lyre.

"VICTORY," says Hindenburg, "cannot now be taken from us." Of course not; and it doesn't need any pinchbeck Attila to remind us that you can't take from people what they haven't got.

CAPTAIN PERSIUS, in a belated spasm of sanity, has just discovered that a successful invasion of the British Isles is not feasible. Old Tirpitz-Whiskerandos could have told him as much any time since August, 1914.

"SOMEHOW," wails Mr. Philip Snowden, "this war must be ended." But the only way in which it can and will be ended teems as distasteful to Philip as so his "German friends."

PUT in plain terms, the reduction of the number of meat coupons means that our week is now composed of two meatless days and five less-meat ones.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is exercised about the effect of a bacon diet on brain-workers. Even before the war the disastrous influence of Bacon on the brain had been frequently brought to the notice of Sir Sidney Lee and other Shakespearean scholars.

"THE Underground and Tube lines," we read, "will still continue to run last trains." What's more, we will venture on the bold prediction that they will have to go on doing so as long as they run any trains at all.

NOT FORGOTTEN

SHE: "Did your uncle remember you when he made his will?"
HE: "I think so—he left me out of it, anyway"

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Perfect Diamonds.
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£165 0 0

The Company has a unique selection of Rings, choice in design and of their well-known quality. A fully illustrated Catalogue will be sent post free.

Sapphire and Diamonds.
£115 0 0

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Manufactory: The Royal Works, Norfolk Street, Sheffield

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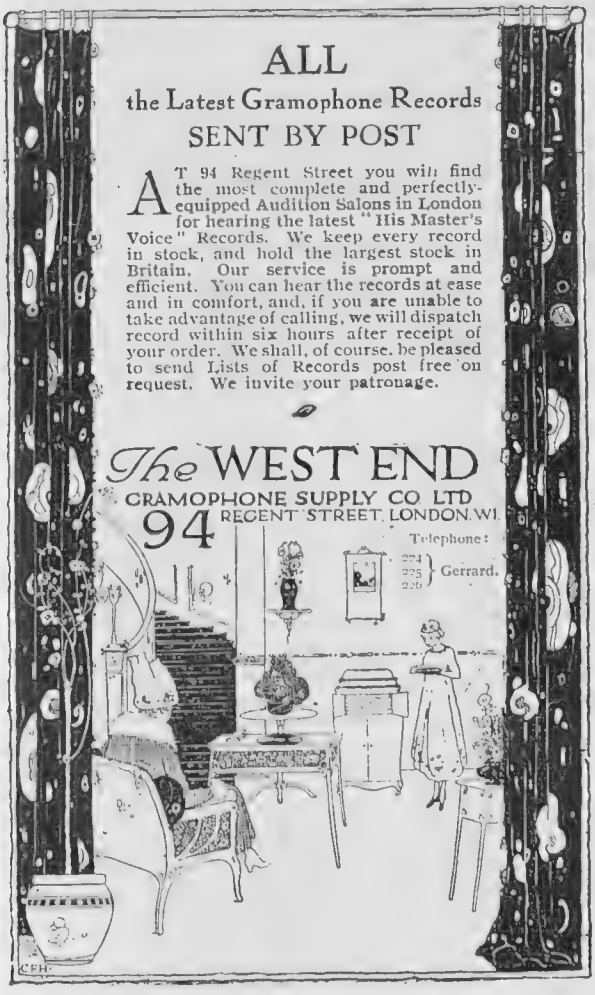
ALL
the Latest Gramophone Records
SENT BY POST

AT 94 Regent Street you will find the most complete and perfectly-equipped Audition Salons in London for hearing the latest "His Master's Voice" Records. We keep every record in stock, and hold the largest stock in Britain. Our service is prompt and efficient. You can hear the records at ease and in comfort, and, if you are unable to take advantage of calling, we will dispatch record within six hours after receipt of your order. We shall, of course, be pleased to send Lists of Records post free on request. We invite your patronage.



The WEST END
GRAMOPHONE SUPPLY CO LTD
94 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Telephone: 224 225 226 } Gerrard.

That Discarded Suit!

YOUR last year's suit may be a trifle shiny and "baggy," but the material is good and will stand some years of wear. All shabbiness will be removed if you send it to Achille Serre.

Treated by special process, the garments are freed from marks and stains, thoroughly cleaned and "freshened up" to look like new. They are restored to shape by expert tailor-pressing, and regain their smart appearance at the cost of a few shillings.

Write for Price List and Free Booklet on "Modern Beau Brummels."

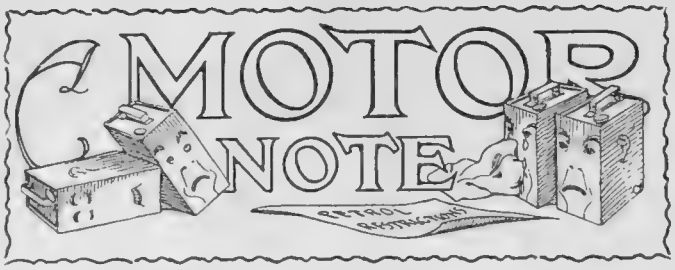
Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office:
Hackney Wick,
London, E. 9

Telephone: East 3710 (4 lines).

Branches and Agents everywhere.

F 12.



"It is a great pity that the cycle-car has not been further developed. Some produced before the war gave excellent service. They only needed a little more refinement and the elimination of faulty features to make them most satisfactory vehicles." Exactly. They needed to be made into little cars before they were satisfactory. Having been made into little cars they became light cars. To talk of cycle-cars is, generally, to talk of an inefficient compromise that need not have been made.

***

To talk again of the cycle-car "appealing to the poor man" and the light car "appealing to the man of moderate means" is not helpful. The poor man's choice is a matter of purchase price and running cost. His requirements can be met by the production of the little car, that need not incorporate those factors of inefficiency generally associated with a cycle-car. "Cycle-car" is a fool-word, anyway. If there is to be concentration "in the future on the production of a really up-to-date cycle-car" the result will be something indistinguishable from a really up-to-date light car.

***

Capital invested in the British Magneto industry is now approximately a round million. People directly employed, 5,000. Useful, in view of the fact that at the outbreak we were, in this connection, wholly Hun-bound, Not much of a compliment to us to allow of German domination of so important a department; but we are remedying that now. And, fortunately, it is not too late.

***

The Carriage Builders' Committee of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders have approved standardisation in certain main features of motor body dimensions, and passed a resolution in favour of the central position for change-speed lever and gate. Thus, slowly, are we finding grace and breaking up the ancient prejudices. Standardisation is, of course, the only basis of organised production, and to kick against its development is an undecorative way of committing commercial suicide; as even the shipbuilders will presently find—if they are honest in their antagonism.

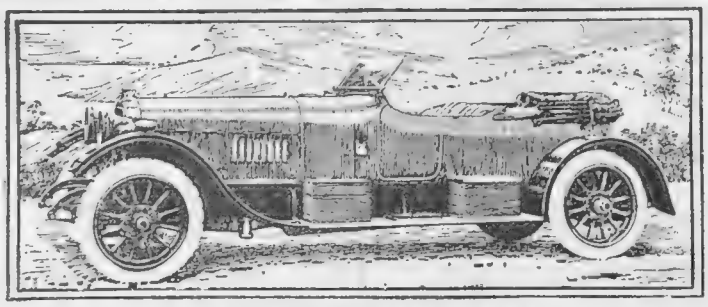
***

A branch committee of the Engineering Trades Committee, established by the Ministry of Reconstruction, has been formed. This branch deals with the motor industry. It is composed wholly of the representatives of British motor manufacturers. They might have thought it wisdom to include some representatives of that other half of the motor industry, the distributing and service half. As it is, the composition of the branch committee is wonderfully lopsided; but perhaps it is assumed that the distributing side of the industry will be so dead that it will have nothing to reconstruct.

***

Send for "Leaves from the Diary of a Dunlop Caddie." All about Dunlop golf balls, of course. It's quite one of the jolliest bits of publicity matter I have struck for many moons. Dunlop Rubber Co., Aston, Birmingham, will send it along for 1*s.* 3*d.*, post free. Profits to the Professional Golfers' Benevolent Fund. And please I'd like another copy for me. I've sent mine along to somebody who will snigger till he bursts his braces. Then I draw a percentage from the braces combine! Must make a living somehow.

A simple pressure of a pedal, and away you go, if you have fitted your car with the "C.A.V." New Electric Starter. It is Simple, Safe, and Silent.—C. A. Vandervell & Co. (Ltd.), Acton, London, W. 3.



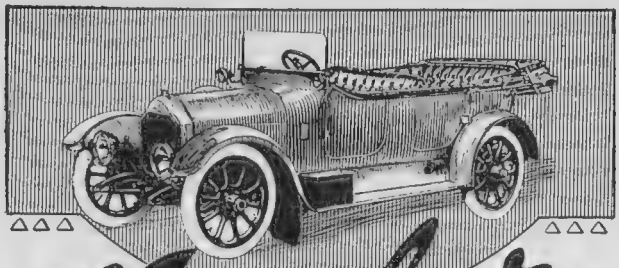
THE SUPREME
SUNBEAM

Great as were Sunbeam records in pre-war races and trials the achievements of Sunbeam cars and

SUNBEAM - COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES

in the present war offer even more convincing proof of absolute supremacy. For the present the Government needs all our output. Priority of delivery of the post-war Sunbeam will be secured by the receipt of your enquiry now.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR Co., Ltd., WOLVERHAMPTON
Manchester Showrooms: 106, DEANSGATE.
London & District Agents for Cars: J. KEELE, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W. 1



Humber

PROSPECTIVE BUYERS

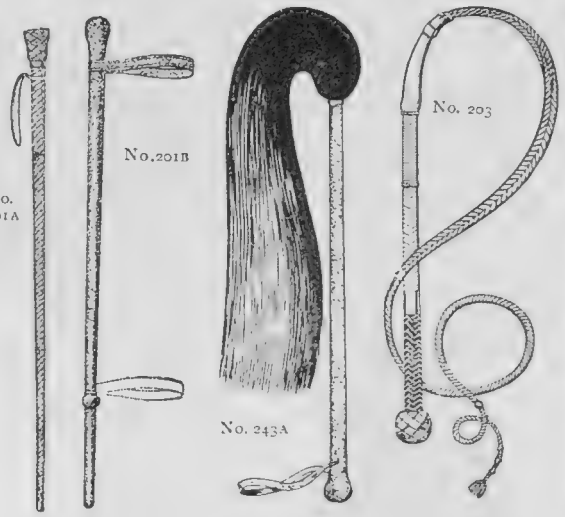
may rest assured that although it is not possible to buy a Humber Car so long as the Government commands the productions of the Humber Company, they will lose nothing by waiting for our after-war models which will be vastly improved by the experience gained in the manufacture of the most perfect engines used in the Air Services.

Are you on our Waiting List?

HUMBER LIMITED, COVENTRY

Agents everywhere.

Officers' Loaded Sticks & Whips



No. 201A.—**Loaded Stick**, whalebone centre, plaited all over kangaroo hide, wrist strap	2	15	0
No. 201B.—Ditto, whalebone centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap	2	2	0
No. 201S.—Ditto, steel centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap	1	8	6
No. 201C.—Ditto, ditto, short length, for riding	1	2	6
No. 203.—**Officers' Newmarket Whip**, whalebone centre, plaited raw hide, with kangaroo hide handpart, loaded end, silver collar, and thong	2	5	0
Ditto, plaited all over kangaroo hide, loaded end, with thong	2	2	0
No. 243A.—**Fly Whisks**, covered pigskin with white, black or red hair, leather wrist loop	1	5	0
Ditto, ditto. Loaded butt	1	12	6
No. 243F.—Cane, with white or black hair		13	6

Postage Inland 6d., to B.E.F. 1l6 extra. Send for NEW *Illustrated List of War Equipment.*

SWAINE & ADENEY,

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

Motorists.

The New C.A.V ELECTRIC STARTER

Will give the finishing touch of perfection to your post war car.

Silent in Action.
Certain in Engagement.

Combined features that cannot be claimed for any other engine starter in the world.

C.A. Vandervell & Co. Ltd.
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THERE'S POWER BEHIND IT!

Stellite Cars

PRE-WAR MODELS WERE BUILT BY SKILLED MECHANICS UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF ENGINEERING EXPERTS IN CAR PRODUCTION

Manufactured by a branch of—Wolseley Limited

POST-WAR CARS WILL BE BUILT UNDER IMPROVED CONDITIONS.

ADD YOUR NAME TO OUR "WAITING LIST"

THE ELECTRIC & ORDNANCE ACCESSORIES Co. LTD
WARD END WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

LONDON AGENTS-
WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD. YORK ST. WESTMINSTER. S.W.1.

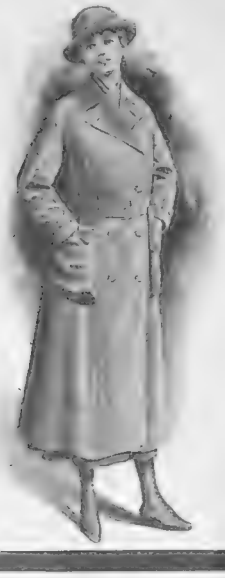
By Appointment to *H. M. Queen Alexandra*

THE LADIES' "QUORN" SERVICE COAT

An Essential Garment for all Women Workers.

Specially designed after the model of the celebrated "Quorn" Active Service Coat for use when motor driving or for all outdoor service. Absolutely waterproof and extremely light with handy capacious concertina pockets, and wind cuff straps to sleeves.

The LADIES' "QUORN" COAT combines SMARTNESS of APPEARANCE with the UTMOST SERVICEABILITY



"Featherweight"

£2 : 19 : 6

Twill "Heavyweight" Gaberdine, lined check wool and interlined oiled cotton, in two shades, light fawn and khaki.

£3 : 18 : 6

Superior quality

£4 : 10 : 0

Sports Hat to match 12s. 6d. extra.

Only measurements required—Bust, Length of Sleeve from centre of back (arm bent) to length required, and length of coat desired.

TURNBULL & ASSER
71-72, Jermyn St., London, S.W.
Telegrams: "Paddywhack, London."
Telephone: 4628 Gerrard.

Severn
VESNER
Regd

Ladies' Hats for every wear and everywhere.

F. 407.

A SEVERN HAT

of the highest quality pedal tagel, rendered soft and uncrushable by a special process. Trimmed with silk corded ribbons artistically tied at back and pretty bead ornaments, produced in 67 self and contrasting colours.

One of many Severn Hats exhibited by Severn agents in London and Provinces.

Enquiries, Severn (wholesale only), 147 Berners Street, W.1

CRÊPE DE CHINE
TEA GOWNS
AT SPECIAL PRICES

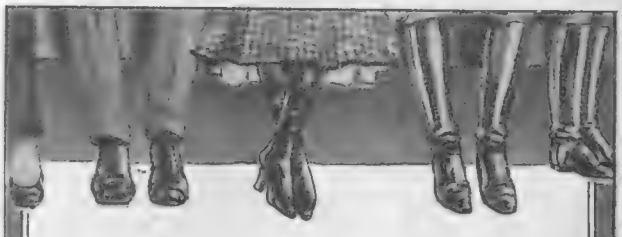
DESPITE the great advance that has taken place in the cost of production of these gowns we are still selling them at practically pre-war prices.

USEFUL TEA FROCK, in good Crêpe de Chine, with chiffon sleeves to match, vest back and front in gold lace veiled chiffon, wide Crêpe sash edged fringe. In all colours and black.

Price
98/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W 1

Note.—This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.



Have you ever noticed

that boots and shoes on which Meltonian has been used have a lustre all their own! It imparts a rich, deep, brilliant blackness to the footwear, preserves it from cracking, and lengthens the life of the leather.

MELTONIAN CREAM

Economical because so little is required to give the best results. For brown footwear, belts, etc., use

LUTETIAN CREAM

Lutetian has become invaluable to the Army. Made in light, dark, extra dark and Toney Red. Obtainable at all Expeditionary Force Canteens in France.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send for nearest retailer's address to—

E. BROWN & SON, Ltd.
7, Garrick Street, London.

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

THE possession of the little frock is quite "the" obsession of the moment. By the little frock I mean those obliging models that serve equally for afternoon or evening wear, and which will, with the curfew, be more than ever in request. Everything points to the summer expression of the little frock being of exceptionally enchanting character, such materials as Shantung, foulard, and cotton *crêpe* promising to take a leading place in their creation; while, for obvious reasons, dark colours have the preference, relieved by white or pastel transparencies in the guise of collars, capes, or blouses.

❀

Alliance of Japanese Blue Tussore, Pale Grey Georgette and Rumanian Embroidery

A SPLENDIDLY representative example has been designed by "Noreen," which reveals some clever handling, and, at the same time, conforms absolutely to the decree of simple *ligne*. There is something very charming in the way the under-bodice of mist-grey georgette is contrived below the waist either side in a *poche mouvement*, this, with the rest of the corsage, being worked in Rumanian embroidery. Admirable taste is displayed in keeping the tussore plain and unrelieved, but it will be well understood that only individual adaptation is capable of bringing about the decreed effect of the skeleton over-bodice, the whole *chic* lying in the maintained straight line. As a crowning triumph there is suggested a shady straw hat of mushroom persuasion, wreathed with flowers that include the tones of the embroidery, mingled with vivid green foliage.

❀

School Outfits on the Tapis

OF this none will have a shadow of doubt subsequent to a visit to Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road. From now on until the beginning of the next term school outfits loom large, and once again one is overcome with amazement at the immense intelligence and enterprise of these people. Plans and purchases must have been made far in advance to secure such stocks of material as Shoolbred's hold, and, at the same time, to keep prices down to such a normal level.

Take, for example, the grey flannel suit illustrated on the next page, the ideal summer suit—almost a uniform. For boys ranging from six to twelve years, Shoolbred's commencing price is 16*s.* 6*d.*; and for older boys long trousers are substituted for shorts. Standing in the very forefront, as is customary, come Rugby suits, built of hard-wearing tweeds, and the "Windsor" trouser suit, the first from 42*s.* and the latter from 50*s.* Nor does there seem any appreciable advance in price in the case of the traditional Marlboro' black jacket and waistcoat at 38*s.* 6*d.*, hair-line trousers coming out at 15*s.* 6*d.* There is, however, just one particular item in the coming term outfit upon which these authorities are emphatic, and that is their trench coat, which serves as the all-round useful summer overcoat. The great feature of this is that it is built of a specially proofed yarn material, is lined thoughout, and perfectly cut and tailored, and costs in the smallest size 38*s.* 6*d.* This trench coat is a really sound economy.

For a tiny boy there is the "Oliver Twist" jersey suit, the knickers buttoning visibly on the quaint little jersey top. They are simply ideal summer wear, and are taking the place of all others for the first essay into breeches. The sizes supplied fit little

(Continued on page 130)

A "LITTLE FROCK"
Of mist-grey georgette and blue tussore, with Rumanian embroidery

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

boys from two to six years, and range in price from 13*s.* 6*d.*, rising 1*s.* 6*d.* each successive size.

❀

"Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Sixteen"

IF such a person still exists let her at once congratulate herself on the charming array of summer frocks specially designed for her ladyship this season. The straight, slim little chemise and frock-coats are styles absolutely ideal to young, *svelte* figures, and carry out enchantingly in striped and checked ginghams, voiles and cotton *crêpe*. There is a great feeling for picking up the colour of a stripe in collar and cuffs; a departure much appreciated in view of washing difficulties; although, at the same time, several dainty white *lingerie* touches are to be seen on coloured cottons, not the least attractive being in fine pique. White collars again will be hemstitched or embroidered with a colour matching the frock, a close darning stitch being a favourite mode of expression.

A GREY FLANNEL SUIT
At Shoolbred's

Voile is conspicuously to the fore for dresses of bettermost order in both plain and fancy varieties. Dark paisley and chintz-patterned voiles, with collar, cuffs, and belt of silk emphasising some distinctive *nuance* in the design, are as novel as they are effective, and will assuredly prove useful stand-by summer possessions. These, however, are finding serious rivals in white voile frocks trimmed with touches of Rumanian embroidery, the sweetest things, very simply made and essentially girlish. When possible voile dresses of any description should be worn over silk foundations. The pleasing effect achieved is very well worth a slight extra expenditure.

❀

A Continental Custom we should do well to Copy

ENGLISH people pride themselves on their devotion to cleanliness; and yet there is a point, and a very essential one too,

(Continued on page 132)

WOOLLANDS

Orders by post carefully executed.

V. 10.—Fine Pedal Hat, turning up slightly at back, dent all round crown, trimmed Paisley and Crêpe de Chine Band, with Knot at side ... ... **2½ Gns.**
In Tegal **39/6**

WOOLLAND BROS., Ltd
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.

In the Shadow of St. Paul's

TRELOAR'S

Seamless Axminster Carpets

Ready for laying down; beautiful designs and colourings suitable for Drawing Room, Boudoir and Bedroom. Made also in Turkey and Persian effects for Smoke Room, Dining Room and Offices; prices on application for any size.

Duroleum

A remarkable Floor Covering made in various colourings and designs, representing tiles, carpets, and parquetry. The pattern will not wear off, as it goes right through to the back.

Linoleum

Printed patterns from **3/10** sq. yd.

TRELOARS have a wide range of all kinds of Floor Coverings.

Call and inspect the quality or write for particulars

Just by the bridge on both sides.

LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C. 4

"SANITAS" SOAPS

(PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION)

TABLETS & BARS FOR TOILET, CLEANING & SCRUBBING

ALSO "SANITAS" SOFT SOAP

IDEAL FOR HOUSEHOLD USES

"SANITAS" SOAPS HAVE THE BREATH OF THE OCEAN & THE PINE FOREST

OF CHEMISTS & STORES OR DIRECT FROM THE "SANITAS" CO. LTD. LONDON E. 14.

"'SANITAS' TOILET SOAP is one of the most useful preparations on the market." *Hospital.*

"These Soaps are properly described and well made." *Lancet.*

Writing of our No. 2 HARD SOAP in 1 lb. bars, the late Master of Driffield Union writes: "I have been here 29 years, and never have we used Soap of such powerful cleansing properties."

Kenneth Durward

THE PREMIER COUNTRY AND SPORTING TAILOR.

Mr. Kenneth Durward invites an early inspection of his **New Spring Models.**

A large selection of Travelling and **Rain Coats** in all sizes and colours kept ready for immediate wear or to order.

The "Ranelagh" Trench Coat. A very Smart Coat with inset sleeves, cut very full in skirt, made in Cheviots, Fleece, etc., also in my celebrated Rainproof "Durwardette."

Write for Patterns and Illustrations of my Early Spring Coats and Costumes, post free on application.

ULSTER HOUSE, CONDUIT ST., W.1

THE 1918 BURBERRY

A New Service Weatherproof

combines the most distinctive qualities of a Burberry safeguard—double protection over vital areas, resistance to wet and cold, lightweight, self-ventilation and durability.

Burberry Weatherproofs are in a different category from rubber-proofed or oilskin garments, which, by excluding fresh air, cause moisture to condense on the inside.

Burberry Weatherproofs ventilate naturally through their texture, so that, while efficiently weather-resisting, they are thoroughly hygienic and comfortable in all temperatures and climates.

Illustrated Naval or Military Catalogue Post Free.

Officers Complete Kits in two to four days, or Ready for Use.

Every Burberry Garment bears a Burberry Label.

SERVICE WEATHERPROOFS.—During the War **BURBERRYS CLEAN AND RE-PROOF** Officers' "Burberrys," Tielockens, Burfrons and Burberry Trench-Warms **FREE OF CHARGE.**

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET S.W. 1 LONDON

8 & 10 Boul. Malesherbes PARIS and Provincial Agents

FASHION'S FANCIES (*concluded*)

in which we are worlds behind the Continental housewife, who follows the undeviating rule of having all bedding periodically remade. Only those behind the scenes can possibly realise the unhealthy, unhygienic condition of a mattress after three or four years' continuous use. The hair and wool not only becomes matted, hard, and uncomfortable, but the thickest covering is incapable of excluding dust and dirt.

Realising the vast importance of this frequently much neglected piece of household hygiene, Messrs. Hampton and Sons have opened a special factory at Battersea, where the work of remaking bedding is carried out under ideal conditions. Messrs. Hampton undertake to collect, remake, and return a mattress within three days, if such a limited period is necessary, while in any case the process does not occupy more than a week. A card of inquiry sent to Hampton and Sons, Pall Mall East, will secure a list of prices which are very moderate.

MAKE YOUR BEDS WITH REMADE BEDDING
A view of Hampton's new factory for cleaning and remaking mattresses, etc.

Patriotic Halo Round the Revived Slim Skirt

THE revival is held up as a beacon light, and made the text of many a lecture. The latest *jupes* in Paris are described as being as narrow as those worn just prior to the war. If this is so, all we can say is "Pity 'tis, 'tis true." Skirts of such curtailed dimensions must necessarily be short, and then what price high boots? No price or purse, it is hinted to us, will be able to acquire them; and stockings are getting dearer every day — reflections that bring the hope that something in the way of discretion will be used. A moderately narrow and short skirt would surely meet the case of patriotism before absurd exaggeration.

Another patriotic procedure, is the selection of silken dress materials before those of wool. Satin for street wear is accorded approval by Parisians. And there is a *chic* in a well turned-out coat and skirt of black satin, trimmed with grey fur. Thanks to the straight, free line of coats, it is always possible to supplement a satin coat with something warm beneath.

War Worry Causes Greyness and Faded Hair.

THIS Great War is causing all sorts and conditions of trouble, and one of them is the present epidemic of Greyness and Faded Hair. Even quite young people are affected by the blanching hand of War. The anxieties of the times, especially those caused by the air raids, are undeniably responsible.

Fortunately, Art and Science have provided the means of repairing the mischief. A famous French *savant* (a member of the Paris Faculty now serving with the French Red Cross) has perfected a method which restores Faded and Grey Hair to its original colour, or, indeed, to any desired shade, without any of the disadvantages of the old methods of treating or dyeing the hair.

PRIVATE VIEWS OF NEW "INECTO" METHOD.

So astonishingly perfect are the results of the new "Inecto" Method of restoring colour to Grey and Faded Hair that "Private Views" of the heads of ladies whose hair has been treated are being held daily in London at the well-appointed Inecto Salons in North Audley Street (close to Selfridge's). All who see the beautifully coloured hair of these ladies agree that the results rival nature's most perfect hair colouration.

To-day no one need linger under the handicap of Grey or Faded Hair. One may enter the "Inecto" Salons wearing the age-label of Grey or Faded Hair and leave again within a surprisingly short space of time looking 10 to 20 years younger.

NEW "INECTO" METHOD ALREADY USED BY OVER 1,500 COURT HAIRDRESSERS & SPECIALISTS

No metallic glitter reveals that the hair has been "restored." It looks—it is—NATURAL. Nor need any fears be entertained about the "permanence" of the colour. The "Inecto" colouring becomes part and parcel of every hair—through and through from core to outside, and from tip to root. No hot shampoo, Turkish baths nor perspiration alters it in the slightest degree. Nor does it "come off" on the pillow or the hat. The cost of the "Inecto" treatment is also moderate; indeed, less, in fact, than is charged for far less satisfactory methods.

Over 1,500 of the leading Court hair dressers and specialists now use "Inecto" in preference to all older methods. The name and address of the nearest hairdresser who can supply the "Inecto" treatment will be supplied on request. A Royal Princess writes: "'Inecto' has given me the greatest satisfaction."

EXPLANATORY ILLUSTRATED TREATISE—GRATIS AND POST FREE.

Interested readers are invited to call and see the living examples of the "Inecto" treatment, and to learn further about this latest scientific toilet triumph. Those unable to visit the "Inecto" Salons, should write for a copy of the "Inecto Illustrated Treatise," which fully explains everything. The address is—

PARIS: 15 Place de la Madeline.
MILAN: Via San Prospero 4.
MELBOURNE: 328 Flinders St.

INECTO LTD. (Dept. B.S.)

15a NORTH AUDLEY ST., OXFORD ST., LONDON, W. 1
(Close to Selfridge's)
Telephone: Mayfair 3059.